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RODERICK O. MATHESON

EDITOR

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BATTLE HYMN OF HAWAII.

The fight is on, O brothers!
The fight is on today.
The armies of Heaven are marching along
And the angels are singing their battle song
And the Demon of Drink is girding on
His armor for the fray.
Then fight for the Right, my brothers,
For God is with us today.

The woe of the world is behind us,
Pressing us forward today!
The weight of the woe of the world, O brothers,
Is urging us on to the fray—
Then fight as ye never fought before;
The battle is long, but the victory sure!
O, fight for Hawaii neil!

ANNA C. DOLE.
May 14, 1910.

Fakafefia in Tonga

Bishop Willis, in his 1909 report of the Anglican Church in Tonga, includes an interesting description of a "fakafefia," a Tongan hookup with kava on the side. He writes:

"At noon there was a gathering at the house where I was lodged, partly in my honor and partly as a New Year's festivity. In this, as in the bohiva, both congregations took part. In front of the house a sail was spread as an awning, under which sat the mayor (now in Tongan dress) and the rulers of the feast. Opposite, under the shade of some trees, sat the people as they arrived. First came a procession of the church people carrying baskets of food, those containing cooked pig on a pole between two, smaller baskets of bananas or kumala (sweet potato) in the hand. The baskets are first set down in a row in front of the masters of the ceremonies, a young man told off for the purpose than lifts the covering of leaves from each basket in turn and announces the contents, one of the masters repeating the announcement. He then marches down the row counting the baskets in a loud voice, one, two, three, etc., and at the end gives the total to the masters. When the second and third processions arrive with their contributions the same ceremony is gone through. The command is then given to take up some roots of kava, which had been presented and lay in front of me. The kava is accordingly pounded and mixed, and when it is ready the process of filling coconut shells begins. As each shell is filled, a man seated by the bowl with a good voice like the Lord Mayor's toastmaster sings, 'The kava rides,' i.e., in the cup, and one of the masters of the ceremonies calls out the name of that person to whom it is to be handed, who claps his hands, so that the waiters may make no mistake. The first cup was brought to me. And though rather like a dose of Gregory powder, a little of it is decidedly refreshing. When all the men had been served (for it is not handed to the ladies), the empty kava bowl is wiped and taken away. Then there was a little speechifying, in which I had to take a part. Then the order is given to distribute the food. Young men come forward, and as the pigs and yams are cut up the pieces are thrown into heaps for the different sections of the community, all being done under the direction of the masters of the ceremonies. Each section then gathers up its share and marches off to feast on it elsewhere, one pile of food being left for me, which, of course, went to my lay reader. Theoretically, all the food had been brought as a present to me, and I am supposed to have distributed it, the masters of the ceremonies being my deputies. I must not omit to write that they did not fail to present me with the pig's liver, a special delicacy always reserved for the chief.

"The ceremony I have described at some length is particularly interesting, because it is carried out today just as it was in Captain Cook's day, and probably for centuries before. The only change that has been made is that the kava is now pounded on a stone, instead of being chewed, as formerly, by young women, a practice which is still continued, I am told, in the Cook Islands. A remarkable feature of the ceremony is the wonderful order that prevails, and a regard to punctilio equal to that observed at a Lord Mayor's banquet. One was struck with the absence of any merriment or hilarity. Nevertheless, in the language of the people, the occasion was 'fakafefia,' (making them happy,) so they must get great enjoyment out of it."

Looking to the West

The New Korea, a publication issued in Korean and English, in San Francisco, publishes the following as its initial announcement:

"Far away from the West there is a Peninsula where the rivers run red and the ground is soaked with blood. There we were born. The blood referred to is of our mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters.

"They are constantly rising against the imperious intruders only to be swept away by a few shots of the new machine guns. Quite natural. Even the Koreans have hearts as tender as others. What must they not do when they are deprived of their dear ones and possessions?

"Unlike our foes, we, as a race, dread bloodshed and love peace. But the swords, which butcher innocent and inoffensive ones, hang threatening over our heads. People who have some knowledge of the Japanese in the Far East will not accuse the Koreans of being in hatred with the former.

"The Eastern Tiger destroys a nation with less apparent emotion than we feel in drowning kittens. It seems almost incredible that the civilized Japanese are so marble-hearted and savage-minded. The Mexicans have a saying, 'The Indians have their ears on their backs,' but worse still the Japanese use weapons instead of whips.

"However, in the midst of persecution we are not totally blind. We see the danger in jumping into a fire with gunpowder on one's back.

"So Aegnam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem is our motto. Out of the eater cometh forth meat, and in the land of oppression will liberty be found. We are willing to live. Religious revival brightens our shadowed hearts with hope.

"We want to cut the 'dikes' and let in the flood of everything western. Our teachers from the land of the Rising Sun make us grow worse from bad. They have introduced their heathen evils into the country so as to destroy Korea from root to branches. It has already been proved that the latter recover themselves."

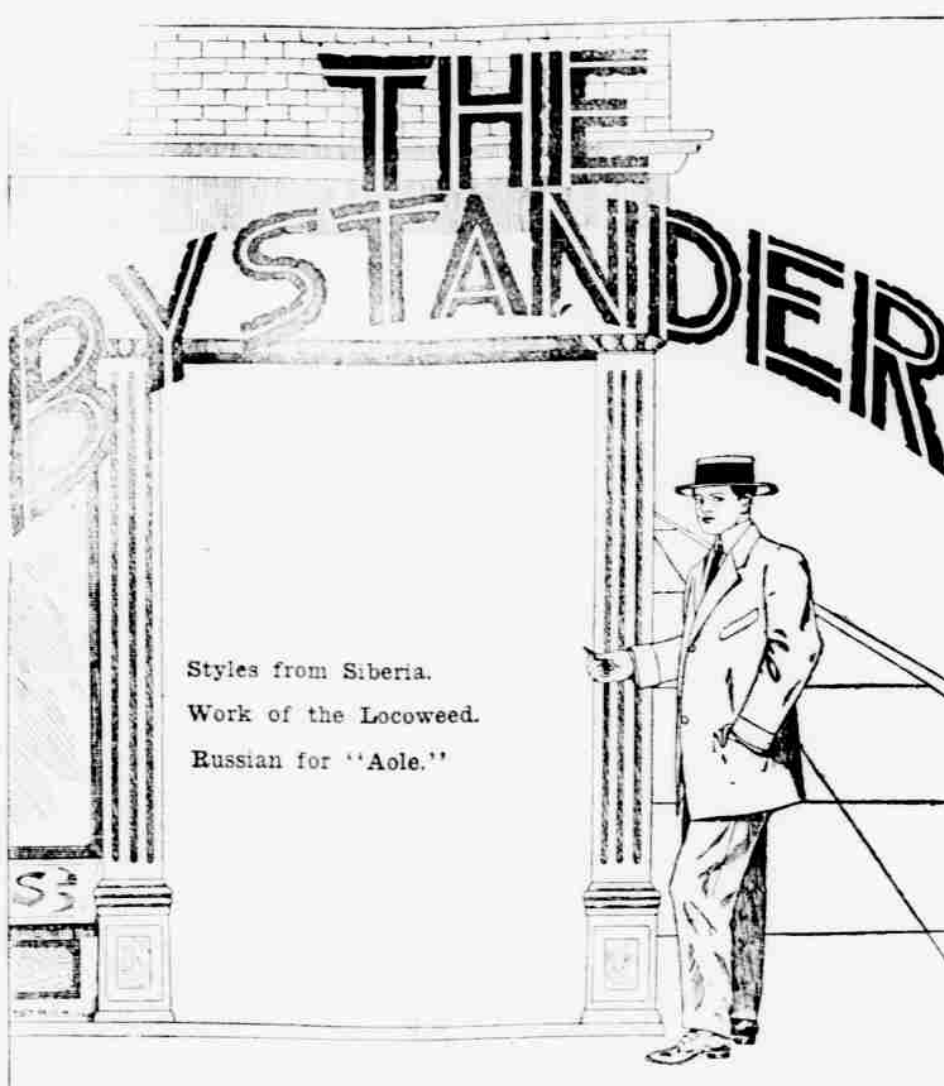
Postal Progress

Christian Science Monitor.

It is an interesting fact that a letter can now be sent around the world for two cents. There are various routes over which this might be accomplished, but one already laid out is as follows: Suppose you are in San Francisco and mail a letter to a friend in London, England. Uncle Sam's two-cent stamp will pay its way farther. But perhaps your friend has departed for Dunedin, New Zealand, having left instructions to have his mail forwarded. The same two-cent stamp is still good for its further passage to New Zealand. If, on arriving there, it finds your friend has perished gone to the States, the letter will follow him, via San Francisco, completing the circuit of the earth.

These conditions are in striking contrast with the regulations in force in this country less than a century ago. Under the act of congress of March 31, 1825, the postal rates on a single letter consisting of one sheet of paper were six cents for a distance not over thirty miles; from thirty to eighty miles, ten cents; from eighty to 150 miles, 12½ cents; from 150 to 400 miles, 18½ cents; over 400 miles twenty-five cents. If the letter consisted of two pieces of paper, double these rates were charged; if of three pieces, triple rates.

There is talk now and then of a reduction of the present two-cent letter rate of postage. But would it not be better to let it remain as it is, and give all the aid possible to a truer distribution of the daily and weekly newspapers? A letter that is not worth the two cents postage to forward is not worth sending, and even the poorest can afford that rate. The press, however, is a great public educator, and, speaking from entirely unselfish ground, the widest circulation of its issues should be encouraged.



Styles from Siberia.
Work of the Locomotive.
Russian for "Aole."

"Nir!"

It's only a little word, not used altogether in polite circles, but extremely expressive in the vocabulary of the ordinary mortal who uses expressive terms to convey his thoughts to his fellow-man. It is a little longer than the two-letter negative of polite society, but it means much more and conveys a world of meaning.

The bowery sport is credited with making the most spectacular and illustrative use of it, particularly when he delivers himself of an ultimatum, grips his cigar between his teeth, thrusts out his chin, stands with legs apart and with a sweeping motion of his arm, palm downward, says:

"Nir!"

That means no in many different ways and is final. But those who have thought that "Nir" is an American slang word have but to visit the remnants of the little Russian village at Iwilei to learn that "Nir" is simply the Russian word for no, so after all there's nothing new under the sun.

I know how that we do not have to go to Paris for all our new styles; sometimes they come to us. When the early arrivals from Jack's portion of Manchuria first struck the beach, with their samovars and meczes and ideas concerning personal liberty and the right to work or leave it alone, I noticed that the maidens of the company wore their shawls most becomingly, with a knot under each ear and wrinkles worked out in the part of the veil that society writer calls the forehead. Thereafter, until lately, when I noted that shawl effect on the street I mentally ticked the wearer as a Russian, although I could not help being astonished to see what a rapid improvement in the way of dress and curls and gait appeared to be coming to the newcomers.

Then I got passes to the opera-house and invited my wife. She floated down the stairs, ready for the show and her headgear—fascinator, I think she calls it—was twisted up with a knot under each ear and the foulards floating in the most approved St. Petersburg rifles. I then learned that this was "the latest."

After that, I know why Jack continues to hold his popularity. When we have woman's suffrage, he will come into his own and will not have to depend upon any cruel board of immigration for traveling expenses.

My mentally strabismic friend who edits the funny column of the Bulletin appears to have had more than his allowance of locomotive of late. I suspected the comet at first, when I was gravely assured in several columns—at \$3.00 a column—that prohibition will result in an increase of drinking, but even (Continued on Page Five.)

Where Reason Fails

Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."—Shakespeare.

"To gild refined gold,
To paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Ridiculous likewise is it,
To reason with the unreasoning,
To be temperate with intemperance,
To argue with a drinker,

To cite the murderer's doom,
To show the gambler's fate,
To view the brothel's wide estate,
To take the crowded bedlam in,
To hear the neighbor's beaten wife,
To point to history,

To quote the sacred page,
To review experience,
To weep for wanton women,
To visit homeless homes,

To mourn with wives undone,
To clothe the drunkard's child,
To feed its famished soul,
To plead of poverty,

To talk of wasted lives,
To summon the physician,
To weigh the prisoner's plea,
To hear the judge retort,
To appeal to reason,
To mention virtue,

To speak of Good and God,
To urge his holy will—
The mind's calm wholesomeness,
The passions' subjugation,
The peace the pure enjoy,
The joy of sacrifice,

To count the souls in hell,
To tell their slakeless thirst,
To paint the blackness
Of their endless night.

To quote the name of Christ,
To those who drink his blood
In terms of liquid hell,
Teeming with demons hot,
Seething with their fury,
And hubbub o'er with strain
At one more soul in bonds.

To mete the peridy
Of those who barter Christ
For popularity,
And sell the Lord for silver.

To listen to the sophistry
Of ordained renegades,
And all who use Christ's name
To heap up shekels,
Deny him at his trial,
And desert him on the cross.

And by example base,
Or silence traitorous,
By "discretion"—pap for weddings—
Or "fact"—to fill their sails
From every quarter of the globe—
Or "moderation"—the two-faced plea
Of shifty politicians—
Or "vested interests"—

That are more suited far
To furnished souls than Christ and man—
Or "board option," "a better way,"
The prettier laws, but modified,"
And other double-deceit terms and twists
Of the ancient wrangling serpent.

These simple truths and obvious facts,
And whatsoever the pen may write,
Or tongue can tell, are useless all
To save the soul, or conscience wake
Of him who would the spirit Christ
With vicious breath or wick beled,
Invoke in prayer, blasphemously—
In every truth his soul, god

Is absent. That angels weep,
And devils for at Christ endure,
And souls ensnared, is enough to him
Who serves that god, but "wasteful
And ridiculous excess."

Honolulu, May 13, 1910.

C. F. L.

SIDELIGHTS

HOW TO OVERCOME INERTIA.

"Get a move on you," "Hurry up," "Don't go to sleep," and other similar significant and suggestive phrases are often employed on the mainland to make people less restful, and to promote energy. Perhaps, in the far-off Boston educated East, where anything even savoring of slang is strictly taboo, the expression might be, "Let us then be up and doing," or some remark about the Epicurean feasts enjoyed by the bird troubled with insomnia. But in every neck of the woods, in every language and amongst every people save as which invite inertia to disappear, and contains or contain an intimation that something should be doing.

Of course, in Hawaii, it is well understood what to say when we want things done right away. "Wikiwiki," although not as popular as "pan," and perhaps to some extent a synonym of "pilikia" is at least as well understood amongst all races as either. The boatmen and the stevedores use it in their work. The purchasers of dago red use it in their vigorous application for speedy service from a bartender. The drivers use it while employing the lads to their horses. At public receptions the line of guests is kept going by it. And I have heard it intimated that politicians sometimes secure an early vote from their partisans by impressing upon the line up, in the four-syllabled, eight-lettered Hawaiian word, that no delays should be had in casting a vote for the best man.

The Jap uses a less number of syllables, fewer letters, and the same number of words, to wit, one, to express the same idea. If you wish your dinner brought on sooner than prospects indicate as to its service, learn how to pronounce the word "hayaku," and likewise learn how to pronounce it sharply. Use it, and watch things hum. Do you run an automobile, and possess the feeling always appurtenant to such ownership that even the comet should keep out of your way? Should a Jap hackman get in your path, and you want to avoid a damage suit by not strewing him and his vehicle, yell "hayaku" sharply, loudly, and distinctly three or four times, and you will very quickly get the right of way to which you are richly entitled. It beats honking all to pieces.

Perhaps your help is Chinese. If so, court another magic word, easily spelled and easily pronounced, although of course the guttural turn to the letters which is the true heritage of the Chinese people cannot be given by you. Are you sending your boy down with a note to your husband, your telephone being in its usual condition? Do you want him to return to work as quickly as possible? Let your parting admonition to him be "fie-fie." Repeat the word two or three times, and he will start off for the street car with the speed of cablegrams to Washington when an appointment to office is in sight. No che-fa games will lure him on his journey, and I doubt whether he would be tempted to pause even to watch a Chinese dragon in a parade. If the fire is to be built, or the lawn cut, or the house cleaned, or any similar tasks performed, don't waste your time on such idle language as "you make wikiwiki," or "you plenty hurry," but say "fie-fie." Presto! Your boy's apathy is transformed into an activity equal to that which George Lyngma says is always on tap at Kilanea.

And I added another word to my vocabulary a few days ago. My husband happened to be a sight-seer at the battle of Jarrrettville, already famous through mentions of it by ambassadors, grand juries and Socialists. There was a handful of some three hundred brave and gallant Slavs, standing valiantly for their right to the pursuit of happiness, idleness and free grub, ready to sacrifice even their children to forward the righteous cause in which they had embarked. Millions of the law, numbering not less than twenty, hired to oppress the common people, eager to deprive the patriots of their God-given privileges, arrived on the scene. Clubs were used, and they waved no more violent methods were then resorted to, but even under the torture of whips the phalanx stood firm as the Rock of Chickamanga. When, however, all well recognized rules of modern, civilized warfare were violated by the blue-coated barbarians, and the hose was turned loose, the army broke and fled. Human flesh and blood could stand no more. A rapid retreat to the battle camp was effected, where the dirt which was their's of right because cultivated by them for years, and transported across the seas, and carefully guarded from loss in their Canaan, could not be filched from their persons.

And as they, in a masterly and strategic manner, conducted this retreat, a slogan, says my informant, was sounded. He thought it was battery of a rallying word, or a countersign, or something like that. On all sides was heard "Skarae," "Skarae," "Skarae." Everyone of the glorious band, whose defense will go down in history with Old Horatius at the Bridge, and the Six Hundred, and of the American merchant marine of the high seas, and of Harry Thaw, shouted, while running, "Skarae," "Skarae," "Skarae."

I didn't have a Russian dictionary, but I hunted up an interpreter. It appears to have been a popular term, used extensively and in chorus at Fort Arthur and a few other places during the Japanese-Russian war. Literally it says "Wikiwiki." And while it will be productive of no results worth earning bread by the perspiration method is concerned, perhaps you may use it to advantage when you meet one of the blonde-clad gentlemen on the street, and his constitutional habit of loitering impedes your passage.

Repeating, at the risk of being tiresome, a favorite phrase of mine, to wit, "As for the Koreans and Hindus," all I have to say is that if they have a dictionary, which I very much doubt, it would not contain within its covers any word whatever indicative of energy. By royal edict, so am I informed, the subject is no longer discussed.

PROGRESS IN IMMIGRATION.

I guess the immigration proposition is all right, and that we are rapidly learning. In the past six or seven years every contingent arriving here has been by long odds the best ever received. The Molokans came, and Jim Casse feelingly likened their advent unto the exodus of the Pilgrims by the Mayflower route from the religious bigotry of Europe to the free shores of America. If The Advertiser and other reliable authorities are to be believed, they were a splendid looking lot of people,—just the kind needed to make such a Paradise of Hawaii as would have induced Adam to resist temptation should the penalty for yielding have been exile.

And the next outfit was the Staekable bunch or bunches. Three of them came along, each one better than the other. Fine, healthy, clean looking people, just suited for plantation work. Perish the thought that the Orientals would ever run things, with such a splendid supply of splendid material for the making of splendid American citizens and splendid sugar cane at hand. I don't know whether they are all here or not, or whether they are eligible to vote on Prohibition in July, but the authorities can be produced that no better immigrants ever came here to help us out.

And Jim Campbell dropped down somewhere in Southern Europe, or on some islands in the immediate vicinity, and picked up a few who looked to him as though they might be good agriculturists. When they got here, Castle and Staekable turned green with envy, for their importations were as Campbell's even as dwarfs unto giants. Again was the great labor problem solved.

It remained for Jack to win the pot. Three,—or has it been four—sets of Russians came, each one better than that preceding it, and all of them much preferable to the people introduced by his predecessors in the recruiting business. If you do not believe Sidelights, hunt up the interviews with the officials who know all about it, and upon whose word reliance may safely be placed.

The Filipinos of Judd, and Pinkham and Steven sandwiched in between the groups mentioned, at intervals. None of them, however, was denied the title to which they were entitled, namely, that of being "the best looking lot of laborers who ever arrived in Hawaii."

Even Faxon Bishop's Koreans, and the parentless Hindus, have not escaped the common praise. Certainly on their arrival it was freely predicted that extra dividends would last twelve months in the year for several years, by reason of their appearance.

All of which is a proof of our optimism. Should a cargo of Lilliputians in stature, possessed of the law-abiding qualities of the Porto Ricans, the energy of the Russians, the cleanliness of the Hindus, and the labor union ideas of the Japs, be dumped on our shores, I am confident that Ewa would go up several points.

SCIENTIFIC HAWAII.

Sugar cane, and cattle, and sorghum, and cotton, and tuberculosis germs, and sisal, and plague, and a variety of other products, agricultural, medical and animal, should thrive in our glorious climate. If they do not, it is not the fault of the scientists. We have more investigations and more investigators in the square mile than any other government on the face of the earth.

How many ponds of juice in a stick of sugar cane, and how much sugar can the juice be boiled down to? Out on Wilder Avenue, despite the passage every few moments of a street car, the close proximity of a lot devoted to the exciting and never ending game of ericket, and the holding of elections on its borders, an acre or so of land owned by the mighty Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association grows cane for experimental purposes, and the furnishing of statistics. And they have queer instruments around somewhere, and queer names for things. Bugs are captured, and insects of every kind cultivated. Indeed in every respect are they true scientists.

The second most important body in Honolulu—the planters being admittedly first—is the County of Oahu. It is too young and innocent as yet to have become scientific, but no doubt as it matures, the fever will take hold, and apparatus and professors supplied to investigate cement and paving block and road engines, and speed ordinances, so that best results may be obtained.

Perhaps the Bishop Estate would have outranked the municipality in order of precedence, but at any rate it is an easy third. For one or two days each week, in an institution provided by it, within easy walk of the street car, the general public, if obedient to certain regulations, may improve its mind along scientific lines. Fossils, large, small, animal, vegetable and mineral, alive and dead, of every nature and variety, may be studied. Everything necessary to make a scientist out of you is provided, and if you go there often enough you cannot help becoming one. While the names given some of the exhibits resemble in construction many of the words used in the Russian Imperial Chautauques, they are truly scientific. Unquestionably the owner of the institution is scientific. He couldn't help it if he tried. On the whole, the Brigham Bishop museum is a great place for the acquisition of scientific, if, from a practical standpoint, useless knowledge.

The Territory, as I glow it, is about the fourth most important concern in these islands. It has places where agriculture may be studied on the scientific basis. The animal industry on the islands is carefully investigated and reported on from colleges. Gladders and scrub and whistler, lice and mangle, and a variety of other evils to which the animal kingdom is heir, are all given scientific names, and cultivated with a view to their cure. Just how many institutions there are and how many "professors" there are, and how many subjects are treated, I can't recall. But scientific is the Territory.

After the Territory come in a lot of scientific concerns like an observatory (Continued on Page Five.)